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Nae forms to compel me to seem wae or
glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry, or sigh
when I'm sad;
Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to
fear,
But truth to delight me, and frien'ship to
cheer;
Of a' roads to happiness ever was tried,
There's nane half sae sure as ain's ain fire-
side!

*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*
When I draw in my stool, on my cozy
hearth-stane,
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken it
my ain,
Care's flown on the winds, it is quite out
of sight,
Past troubles, they seem, but as dreams
o' the night,
I hear but ken't voices, ken't faces I
see,
And mark fond affection still glowing for
me.
Nae flashings o' flattery, nae boastings o'
pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at my ain fire-
side,
O' there's nought to compare wi' my ain
fire-side!
*My ain fire-side, my ain fire-side,
Oh charming's the blink o' my ain fire-side.*

THE XIX PSALM

PARAPHRASE: FROM BUCHANAN.

YE sons of vain philosophy and pride,
Too fully prone and whelmed in error's
tide,
Behold with sapient contemplation's
eye,
Th' unnumbered glories of the vaulted
sky,
And own what skilful architect divine,
Arch'd the wide vault, and bade those glo-
ries shine,
Who hung in ambient air this earthly ball,
And poured around the deeps encircling
all.
As day the night, and night the day pur-
sues,
Perpetual change! each hour the truth
renews,
That Chance directs not, with such order-
ed haste,
The rolling wonders of th' ætherial waste,
From shore to shore they pour their beams
abroad,
And through adoring worlds proclaim
their God.
Lives there a race in earth's remote ex-
treme,
So sunk in guilt, so hid from Reason's
beau,

As not to see the fixed Divine controul,
Which guides the course of the revolving
pole?

Who in the silence of the tranquil night,
Unmoved beholds the silvery orbs of light;
Or feels no transport through his bosom
thrill,

When morn comes sporting on the fra-
grant bill;

Or sees, with godless thought, day's re-
gent guide,

His purple chariot from the eastern tide,
Like some young bridegroom glorious to
behold,

Arrayed in gems, and bright with floating
gold;

Till down the expanse he bids his cour-
sers fly,

Hurling the day beneath the western sky,
High o'er the thundering steeds august he
stands,

Like a tall giant with his hundred hands,
Of princely port, and majesty, and might,
Proud of his strength, and robed in daz-
zling light,

From east to west he whirls his burning
car,

Through heaven oblique amid each glow-
ing star,

And pours around the vital heat and soul,
Which warm, support, adorn, and fill the
whole.

But all the glories of th' harmonious
plan,

Ne'er so arrest the wondering thoughts of
man,

As Conscience, inmate of celestial birth,
Child of the skies, but tenant of the earth,
With that celestial law in mercy given,
By secret reins, to guide the soul to Hea-
ven.

Th' Almighty's promise, ever void of
guile,

Can soothe despair, and make affliction
smile,

But when blind Passion prompts the gulli-
ty deed,

That man shall suffer, Justice has decreed,
That loving Justice, in an angel's dress,
Which wounds to cure, and punishes to
bless.

Lo! fair Religion's venerated men,

For ever shines in majesty serene;

'Tis hers to pour upon the mental sight,
Truth's living ray, and wisdom's cheering
light;

Guarded from age to age, with fear and
awe,

On brazen tablets lives her precious law,
Than gems more rare, or gold's resplen-
dent ore,

And sweeter than the bee's mellifluous
store.

Deep in the inmost closet of his breast,
Thy child, great Sire! shall lock each
high behest,
And then, with holy awe, shall ever guard,
Thy love, his hope, his glory, and reward.

Who knows the wanderings of the va-
grant mind,
What power can seize them, or what wis-
dom find?

Do thou, O Lord! each imperfection blot,
Nor leave the vestige of a single spot,
Which Sin or Error, with insidious art,
Stamps on the tablet of th' unguarded
heart,

From Pride's dominion arrogant and dire,
Preserve the kingdom of my breast entire,
And save, O save me! from each sinful
care,
From passion's impulse and temptation's
snare.

These warm effusions of a heart sincere,
Author of good, my God, my father, hear!
Whate'er my tongue imperfect has ex-
prest,

Whate'er the thoughts revolving in my
breast,
Tower of my safety, and thou God of
love,

Receive propitious in thy realms above.
March, 1809.

SELECT POETRY.

VERSES

WRITTEN FOR THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE
SOCIETY FOR REVIVING THE IRISH HARP.

OH had I liv'd when Ossian sung
Old Erin's sons renown'd in story;
While o'er his harp the warriors hung,
And caught the kindling flame of glory!
Or when around the festive board
That cheer'd the chiefs in Tara dwelling,
The Bard, the tide of music pour'd
With Joy and grief alternate swelling:

*May thoughts like these our bosoms cheer,
As round we pass the bowl of pleasure;
And may the ever-circling year,
Again renew the blissful measure.*

Yet though within the narrow cell,
The fathers of the song are sleeping,
And o'er the scenes they loved so well,
Oblivion's silent tufts are creeping;
Once more revives the sound of arms,
The tale of Love, the note of Sorrow,
And every strain that once had charms.
A softer tone from time shall borrow.

May thoughts, &c.

When sound your Harps, ye bards of old,
Who sung, when Erin was a nation,
What ear so dull, what heart so cold,
But echoing thrills in sweet vibration?

Instruct thy sons of latter days,
To catch some portion of thy spirit,
For, oh! when best the song they raise,
Though their's the crown, yet your's
the merit!

May thoughts, &c.

Your's is the spell that crowns the bowl,
With joy while every eye is lighted;
And your's the beam that lights the soul,
By nature's rigid law benighted.
For though no dawn of day appear,
To hail the sightless child of sorrow;
You teach them from the rap'ur'd ear,
A new created bliss to borrow.

May thoughts, &c.

And your's the voice to charm us here,
In social brotherhood unite us;
And your's to bid the unborn year,
To scenes like this again invite us.
From tongue to tongue shall memory dwell
On tales of Erin's ancient glory,
And minstrels yet unborn shall tell
To wond'ring worlds the matchless story.

May thoughts, &c.

SONG, ON THE SAME OCCASION.

AIR—"KITTY TYRREL."

LAST Minstrel of Erin how sweetly thy
finger

In strains of wild melody sweeps o'er the
strings,
While each lengthen'd vibration seems
slowly to linger,
And say "tis the genius of Erin that sings."
Our hearts wildly thrill with extatic emu-
tion,

As ravish'd we list to thy heavenly strain,
Thy wild notes would tame the rude spirit
of ocean,
And make the poor captive forget all his
pain.

And shall then thy warm earnest pray-
er be rejected?

Shall the song of the Minstrel be suffer-
ed to die?

No! the Harp, of Ierne no longer neglected,
Shall again draw a tear from the patriot eye,
For Belfast still contains a few generous
spirits,

That burn to revive "the sweet song of
the bard,"

All who see their exertions, shall speak
of their merits,

And honour unfading shall be their reward.

SONG.

FROM THE SELECTION OF IRISH MELODIES BY
SIR JOHN STEPHENSON, MUS. DOCT. AND
THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

AIR—"BLACK JOKE."

SUBLIME was the warning which Li-
berty spoke,
And grand was the moment when Spa-
niards awoke,